Volume LXV CHICAGO, MAY 19, 1910 Number 12

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

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* * * * * * * * *

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—From a private letter from a prominent educator and well-known editor.

For further particulars address Mrs. Edith Lackersteen, Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago.

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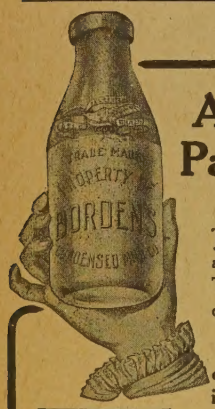

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We publish elsewhere in this issue the first sermon, "Concerning Soil: Plowing," and commend it most highly to our readers.

—From Hoard's Dairyman for January 25, 1910.
Published Weekly at Fort Atkinson, Wis.

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Volume LXV. THURSDAY, MAY 19, 1910. NUMBER 12.

THE POET

He walks with God upon the hills!
And sees, each morn, the world arise
New-bathed in light of paradise.
He hears the laughter of her rills,
The melodies of many voices,
And greets her while his heart rejoices.
She, to his spirit undefiled,
Makes answer as a little child;
Unveiled before his eyes she stands,
And gives her secrets to his hands.

—*Ina Coolbrith.*

Twelve women among the one hundred twenty-five delegates in attendance at a National Congress of Socialists in Chicago last Sunday put a ban on smoking during session time. Another argument for woman in politics! Another proof that she is needed where the politicians gather!

Professor George B. Foster, last Sunday in his sermon at the Third Unitarian Church, touched on the social and economic conditions necessary to make the new man for which there is a call. He said:

Let the wage be such that the laborer can have a home of light and joy and sunshine in a decent locality. Let the laboring man's women not have to go to factory and day's work outside, but have time and strength to be women, mothers, wives, and make cheerful homes. In this way we can help them to achieve an inner life.

That was a right manly thing that President Taft did last Sunday morning when he addressed his "fellow Unitarians" in Washington at church, urging them to build a more capacious church to accommodate those whose principles attract them to such a house of worship. The presidency does not release the man or the worshipper from his obligations and his privileges. Let more public men confess their allegiance to the churches they believe in, and make actually practical the fellowship they profess.

Distressing news comes to us of awful fires in Minnesota, destroying life and property. Minnesota has at last found use for its militia, which has been ordered out to fight fires. We believe this is the first time the citizen soldiery of Minnesota has been called upon for such high service. Why should not the fire department be developed into a State and National efficiency? The discipline and valor necessary to fight fire and flood would still be available should the dire emergency arise of the lamentable and brutal work of destroying human life.

Is there not danger of overdoing this royalty business in these funereal days? It is not necessary,—is it wise to destroy the ethical perspectives, ignore the simple humanities, and vacate the high standards exacted by democracy and religion in order to honor the dead and to express sympathy with the bereaved? Death cannot make that noble which in life was questionable, and royalty cannot justify that which would be reprehensible in private life. Twentieth-century crowns, with the kings, queens, lords, dukes, barons and the whole paraphernalia of inherited privilege, is a very thin shell of convention that has been found out,—it is a social decoration made up of trinkets with some artistic values. John Ruskin said he would like a king in the house of lords if he would only let the laws alone.

The *Christian Register* publishes a three-column letter from Dr. Hale concerning books of devotion. The letter was evidently written to some young friend. It is valuable reading to the innumerable host of young friends, who are consciously or unconsciously looking to Dr. Hale. The letter closes with this suggestion of the little books that ought to lie upon the Bible and beside the favorite hymn-book:

Marcus Aurelius,—he is not called a Christian, but he knew God. Augustine's "Confessions and Meditations;" Sabatier's "Francis d'Assisi" in French, if you read French; Thomas à Kempis's "Imitation of Christ" in the Latin, if you read Latin; Montague's "Selections;" "The Prayers of the Ages" by Mrs. Guild; Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Living and Holy Dying;" Feltham's "Resolves;" Richard Baxter's "Saints' Rest," Scougal's "Life of God in the Soul of Man," a good selection from Jacob Boehmen from the Moravian writers,—Zinzendorf and the others; of Swedenborg, though this wants to be short and devotional purely; selections from John Wesley and Madama Guyon; and, in our time, from Emerson and Martineau. Just now dear Mr. De Normandie has printed just the right book for us, which he calls, "The Beauty of Wisdom."

Last Sunday Dr. D. D. McLaurin, pastor of the Second Baptist Church, Chicago, preached his farewell sermon to the congregation and to the settled ministry, and frankly stated his reason for leaving. The action of the Baptist ministers in expelling Professor Foster from their membership was the direct cause. He called the act a "usurpation of authority," and valiantly went out with his brother, not because he necessarily agreed with him in his theology, but because he stood with him in his right as a Baptist to form his own convictions and to be true to his own conscience. Dr. Mc-

Laurin terminates a successful ministry and he left a tearful audience. He said:

A clergyman of today should not be held responsible for the theology of the sixteenth century. We were bidden to grow in grace and in knowledge, and I do not believe anyone has yet exhausted the supply of either. A man may have a new vision, or he may have an old one from a new angle.

I always shall be a Baptist, but I shall be a progressive one. I should rather die than become anything else.

And now comes Commodore Beehler with an ingenious contrivance for an American Gibraltar, and for the utilization of naval junk. He proposes to take the four double-turreted monitors that are now of no use, disembowel them of their propelling machinery, sink them in the mud at Key West, and thus make Key West impregnable, at the same time furnishing a comfortable prison house in which several hundred young men may be kept in permanent idleness at a round cost to the Government, in order to ward away belligerent enemies that have never gone that way and are not likely to! During the war for the Union, the Government tried to make use of its toughest soldiers, the Billy Wilson Zouaves of New York City, by sending them to the Tortugas, but they were declared to be neither ornamental nor useful even then. During the one hundred and twenty-five years given to the United States, it has had three foreign wars, all of its own choosing, each of which is now admitted by careful students to have been unwarranted, lamentably blameworthy and the result of American impetuosity, selfishness, or short-sighted, bungled, miscalled patriotism. The apprehension that this silliness might be exposed, to the humiliation of the Nation, has kept Congress from making the small appropriation necessary for the raising of the Maine in the Havana Harbor. For twelve years the Government has left the bones of its soldier-citizens to moulder at the bottom of the sea, lest, by giving them decent sepulcher, the emptiness, nay, the wickedness of the cry "Remember the Maine!" should be exposed. It now seems as though Congress was about ready to "dare." Let the worst be known,—the humiliation will redound to the advancement of the world. Confession is good for nations as for individuals. "He maketh the wrath of men to praise him."

The annual report of the Evanston home of the Illinois Children's Home and Aid Society is before us in an attractive pamphlet. It shows a most elaborate organization of North Shore people and an efficient management. The pictures are attractive. A total of two hundred sixty-four children have been sheltered during the year, the maximum number in any one month being sixty-eight, and the minimum forty-nine. The average stay of a child in the Home is three months, and the expense of the year, in aggregate figures, is $2,458.71. As a temporary clearing-house for the unfortunate and innocent children and waifs of society, such an institution has a necessary place. But the child-placing activities of Illinois are still cramped and distorted, inasmuch as there is no provision made for the "boarding out" of the normal children in real homes where adequate supervision can be readily provided by the Children's Aid Society or its equivalent. The state, county or city provides for the expense of children in institutions, even though the institutions be under avowed religious and sectarian management, but it is not permitted to provide for the expenses of the child at the same cost in a country home, where the transition into a home of its own by adoption or by self-support would be natural and inevitable. The feasibility of this plan has been abundantly proved in Australia and New Zealand under the late lamented leadership of Miss Catherine Helen Spence, whose death was recently noted in these columns. It has also been successfully tried in certain parts of our own country, notably in Pennsylvania and Massachusetts, and there is no reason why it should not be tried in Illinois and elsewhere were it not for the vigilant opposition of the would-be friends of children, who are guarding the "prosperity" of the instituted "Homes" and "Schools" for the detention of dependent children. There is no reason why Glenwood and Feehanville, one a Protestant and the other a Catholic institution, should monopolize these dependencies. The friends of the "boarding out" system only ask to be permitted to "commit" to private homes under proper supervision, and at discretion, as they now do to institutions whose very excellence is their condemnation. It is easy where taste and integrity are enlisted to make an aggregation of children attractive and their surroundings sanitary, and to provide for their apparent needs, intellectual and physical. But the blight is in the aggregation. Children cannot be raised like calves, in bunches. The contention of the Children's Home and Aid Society is so profoundly true that its management ought not to be hampered by a limited output to "charity," which in the placing of children is beset with many temptations. Institutions for normal children, or for older people so far as that is concerned, are an abnormal and an unnecessary provision. It is a mediæval survival, a monastic contrivance. Where funds must be provided to save the unfortunate from starvation and degradation, let the provision be made under the most economic, normal and human conditions.

DOMINE CUI SUNT PLEAIDES CURAE

Father, who keepest the stars in thy care,
Me, too, thy little one, childish in prayer,
Keep, as thou keepest the soft night through
Thy long, white lilies asleep in thy dew.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

William Kent for Congress

The papers announce that the friends of progressive politics, civic righteousness and an expurgated republicanism are offering the name of William Kent as candidate for the house of representatives from the Tamalpais district in California. Since Mr. Kent has moved his residence to his boyhood home on the Golden Gate and Chicago cannot do itself the honor of sending him to Congress, we hope that California has good sense enough to achieve the fact.

The readers of UNITY need no introduction to William Kent. The citizens of Chicago have had reason to know the mettle of the man, to their gratitude. On his graduation from Yale Mr. Kent assumed the direction of a considerable estate which his father had accumulated in and through Chicago. He might have chosen the easy berth; he could have indulged himself in the luxuries and the leisure so available and so tempting to wealthy men's sons, but he preferred the strenuous life of an active citizen. He took his estate as a trust, his culture as an equipment, and his opportunity as a challenge. When Chicago politics was at its worst, when the Common Council was notorious for its voracious pack of "gray wolves," Mr. Kent broke into the lair of the boodlers, the headquarters of political bosses and vulgar selfishness, and he called a spade a spade, talked plain, and worked more than he talked. He was the head and front of the Municipal Voters' League and its righteous offending. He, more than any other one man, redeemed the Common Council of Chicago, and from being perhaps the worst legislative body of a great city it became the best.

But Mr. Kent is no mere politician. Mr. and Mrs. Kent were a part of the better life of the city, identified actively with all high undertakings. "The Dewey School" and its successor, "The University School of Education," the Abraham Lincoln Centre and similar institutions are indebted immeasurably, not only for the money, which came freely, but for the as generous personal support and active work.

When the Kents moved from Chicago, UNITY, the Lincoln Centre, the cause of education, as well as of clean politics in the city of Chicago, lost a valuable asset.

But what was Chicago's loss has proved California's gain. Mr. Kent did not leave from choice; it was a matter of filial and family obligation. But once there, settled on the parental estate, under the shadow of noble Tamalpais, he proceeded at once to make good his title to the estate and to justify his citizenship, as the Muir Woods, the great grove of red-woods rescued from selfish greed and donated to the government, and the Tamalpais Centre, a contribution to the civic life of Marin county, testify.

Chicago has not relinquished its hold upon Mr. Kent, but while he bides away we trust California will make high uses of him, and we know of no place where a man of Mr. Kent's ability, of his ethical earnestness, his courage, his independence, his skill in shooting straight and hitting the mark, whether it be with a gun or with a sentence, is needed more. The fact that his name is suggested is a hopeful indication that a better day in American politics is coming, and when he is elected and at work in Washington the further fact will be evidence that the better day has arrived. One fearless righteous man in Washington would drive many a coward under cover. As a citizen of the United States and one interested in clean politics and progressive legislation, UNITY would heartily second the nomination of William Kent for Congress and gladly further the campaign. Washington needs a Mr. Kent. Let California rise to its opportunity and send him.

Echoes From the Clara Barton Reception

HELD AT THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO, MAY 13, 1910, FROM STENOGRAPHIC REPORT BY MISS MARY M. LEPPO

Colonel Partridge, of the Grand Army of the Republic:

I feel honored that I may stand here for a moment and speak a word for that great organization, the G. A. R. I bring their love and their affection to you; it has been yours through all the years. * * *

You, Miss Barton, have listened to the music of the minie balls; you will remember how splendidly the "boys" did the work that was set for them to do. They did it all the better because they knew that back of them was Miss Barton and her assistants who would care for them.

In speaking for the Grand Army of the Republic I believe I am speaking for the greatest peace society the world has ever seen. These comrades of the Grand Army of the Republic know what war means; they are the advocates of peace and arbitration wherever honorable peace can be secured.

And so, we love you still, and we trust that your last days may be your best days. We hope that you may be spared long to us. Your name has been a benediction and will be a blessed memory. And when you go to the other shore, I am sure you will have no warme greeting from any than from those boys whom nou nursed and cared for in the days of the great war.

The Chairman:

The next speaker may belong to Chicago the rest of the year; tonight he belongs to North Carolina; ordinarily he is a Judge in Chicago; tonight he is

Judge Samuel C. Herren, of North Carolina:

After the pathetic words that fell from the lips of a Union soldier, it almost unnerves a man from my section of the country when he is called upon to say but a word. My life, as suggested by your Chairman, has been one of conflict, of civil conflict. Your first address was by Mr. Barton, a minister; your second was by Dr. Henderson from the University, who is teach-

ing social science in that institution; he told you that he was trying to bring together and instill in the minds of society the necessity for peace. We have with us a great woman, who has thrown herself, during the great struggles that have occurred since her life began, into the conflict for the purpose of alleviating pain and suffering.

Society has its conflicts. In my own career, that of the practice of law, my life has been one continuous effort to restore peace to belligerents, to people who are contending and fighting, either in a domestic way, over their property rights, or sometimes they were angered and shot at each other, taking each other's lives. Life is a conflict, and when we come to consider we find that in this conflict of ours there are better things to study, there are measures that make for peace, there are contingencies that if properly brought about will restore order.

Now I am for peace. I have reached that age in my practice when I always advise a conference in litigation; I think a bad compromise is better than a good lawsuit any time. And I am inclined to think that the world is advancing; that we are getting more Christianity into our makeup; that we love each other more. But there is nothing in my whole life that compares, nothing in my mind that I can think of, that compares with the noble work that has been done by the distinguished guest whom we have with us. Now I am sure that the tender sentences that have been spoken by the gentleman representing the Grand Army of the Republic,—I am sure that his sentences and his love and his admiration for the noble virtues that have inspired this dear lady to surmount the obstacles in her life, that have placed her in the eyes of the world as one who will live as long as we have a history and whose name will go down to history as one of the greatest benefactors of her age,—are shared by the people of the South, as well. She has organized and unified this sentiment so that now the races of men the world over have adopted it. Her name has been added to the Red Cross organization, and her name will be remembered in history as one of the great women of her age. And we are all proud of the fact that she is from our own country, that we all love. Not only the people of the "G. A. R.," the veterans who fought in that strife and conflict, but the people south of the Mason and Dixon line, will revere the name of Miss Barton, and to these people she will be as dear as to any section of the country. She is ours; she belongs to our nation; to our history. We revere her name and we will always cherish her as one of our people.

My friend, our chairman is right: he can go south and we will treat him right. The line of "Mason and Dixon" has practically been wiped out; the stigma exists no longer; we are a united country, and my dear, sweet lady who is here tonight and whose name will be revered by all, will be revered by our section as long as we have a country.

Rev. Joseph A. Vance, Pastor of the Hyde Park Presbyterian Church:

It was a great Christmas gift which our Heavenly Father gave to the world that Christmas day of 1821 when he sent a sweet little girl baby to Captain and Mrs. Barton of Oxford, Mass., and we count it our great honor tonight that she is here, inspired by God and greatly used by him through all these years, to bless us with her gracious presence.

It is impossible for the City of Chicago, for all of us who are gathered here this evening and all the constituencies we represent, to honor you, a woman who has been honored by nearly all the crowned heads of Europe; who has had decorations presented by Germany, Austria, Turkey, Syria, Armenia and many other nations. You can hardly have an added honor by coming to a gathering like this.

There are two things that I want to emphasize: The first is that in Miss Barton we have before us a typified embodiment of America's foremost and finest institution,—the American woman. There is nobody like the American girl after all; the finest flower of America. All of our other institutions are of worth here in America because of what she is and of what she makes of them. I know it is not always so regarded.

The second thing is the kind of mission with which this woman has filled her life. We live in a world whose worth is in its work, not in its results; where men are spurred to their best endeavors not by the hope of reward. A long time ago Jesus of Nazareth tried to give an example to the people who would pass by and leave the world's hurt not only unhelped but unnoticed. We are here tonight to honor one who has mothered and sympathized with the ills of the world; she has cradled no baby of her own, but has put her tender arms around a thousand suffering soldier boys and helped them find the way home. God bless you! God make your closing days a benediction.

Dr. Herbert L. Willett, Pastor of the Memorial Church of Christ:

My earliest sense of the horrors of war and of the gracious work which our guest has so illustrated, came to me in the lessons of my mother. She went as a bride to Washington; her husband was engaged in the Sanitary Commission. She was herself somewhat swayed by the thought, and through the utter sense of loneliness, joined him in the work of one of the hospital ships on the Potomac. I suppose these things burned into my conscience. Among her earliest stories to me of life, of the greatness and awfulness of life, were those which she herself had passed through in connection with the work of the Sanitary Commission. There was a keen sense of the awfulness of war, the sufferings which it brought and the sacrifices that men, and women most of all, were compelled to make. We have been learning better in these latter days; we have been learning something of the necessity of taking away the suffering of the world. We have been taught perhaps most of all by those eloquent teachers whose lives are still a benediction to us. We have not quite weaned ourselves away from the love of war; there is a great deal of its brilliancy that we rather like. We are Christians in a certain sense, but there is a lingering sense that stays in the blood; we are only partially learning the lesson.

Many years ago there went out a band of men who had painted upon their garments the red cross; they went out to a land of infidels. These men never risked the holy sepulchre for more than a brief time; they brought to Europe a sense of that larger unity. In all this noble work under the symbol of the cross, not separating but binding nations in one union under the leadership of noble men and women who have taught us the great lesson of international brotherhood, of peace, of sympathy, of friendliness of heart

one to another, no teacher of them all has been nobler, more effective, more sincerely loved by all the nations of the earth than this honored guest of ours tonight,—Miss Barton.

Mrs. Celia P. Woolley, of the Frederick Douglass Centre:

An occasion like this inspires us with the wish to be a healer. Blessed are the healers, for their works do follow them. We do not have to rely on a new beatitude; we have it. Blessed are the peace-makers. The true healer is the peace-maker. the reconciler. On the field of battle the nurse and the healer know nothing of lines. Their service to humanity is given equally to friend and to foe; and the healer everywhere is the reconciler and the peace-maker. What are the qualities of the healer in this world? Courage,—not the courage of the flashing meteor, but that of the steady shining star; that of steadfastness, efficiency. It is not enough to have the will to do; in these days one must know how to do; must have the trained hand and the skilled brain. It is not enough simply to have the courage and the knowledge, but one must have the warm and loving human sympathies to supply a sufficient and lasting motive. These are the qualities of the healer.

But we praise her best when we lift her out of the mere personal aspect of her work, great as it is, and ally these qualities of hers with the universal, and when we see in her the potency and the promise of our own manhood and our own womanhood. Courage, efficiency, human sympathy are qualities needed among all social workers. All social regeneration must be human reconciliation. I am thinking of those invisible battlefields; the clash, not between contending armies but between ideas, the past and the future, between different standards of conduct, between races, groups of people; it may be economic, industrial, racial, social; it is always one and the same advance step forward to realize a complete humanity and to realize a complete brotherhood.

I think we praise our guest best when we ally her to these great living qualities. We cannot be as great as she, but we can cultivate the courage, efficiency, sympathy, that are the fundamental qualities of our human nature wherever found, in high or low degree.

Mr. A. K. Yamasaki, Consul from Japan:

I am here to give the cordial greeting of Japan to the founder of the American Red Cross Society. The people of Japan are a people of peace; we are not a war-like nation; the war which we entered was one of self defense, and since that war is over we have been striving for the peaceful development, industrially, commercially and agriculturally. The Red Cross Society of Japan was founded more than twenty years ago; the head of this Society is our Empress. During the year of war our Red Cross Society did great work in minimizing the horrors of war. The spirit of the Red Cross Society of Japan was taken from the spirit of the same movement in this country, and I am very glad to be here to greet Miss Barton; I had heard of her when in Japan. I am here to greet the illustrious lady who influenced the Red Cross Society of Japan. Everybody hates war; those who entertain the slightest idea of fighting with other men or people will be punished by the sanction of God. America is a nation of peace and Japan is a nation of peace; there is no possibility of war between these two nations. When your fleet came to Japan last year, the children of the schools of Japan were at the station to greet the sailors from the American fleet; they sang "Hail Columbia."

The spirit of Miss Barton is highly revered by the people of Japan. I am delighted in the opportunity of meeting her; I think it a great honor to be here to convey the greetings from the other side of the Pacific ocean.

The Creed of Dr. Gardner

I have often thought that the creed of Dr. Gardner came nearer the ideal than any other I have discovered. I sat with him during his illness, and, with surprise, found that at last I had met a man who literally did not fear death. His philosophy and religion were one. To him death was as natural as life,—I should rather say it was one phase of life. "I know all about it," he said, "It is not a mere bit of guess work, or of religious profession; I know that dying is only an exchange of clothes. I shall be rather glad when the time comes, although I am in no hurry. Death does not mean anything terrible to me. I am no more afraid of God over there than I am afraid of him here in this life. He has done better by me than I deserve, I guess, and I think he always will." Not with levity, but with a peculiar cheerfulness, he talked about the expected change; somehow as he talked on all other topics.

I have seen men just at the edge of the grave express resignation, and when life was almost out of their hands, desire to get out of their misery; but here we two sat together with no sign of the spectre in the room, talking of death as we would talk of going to the seaside. He had his finger on his pulse, and diagnosed the rapidity of his own dissolution more calmly than he would have watched one of his patients.

Dr. Gardner was a remarkable man in this, that his profession did not lead him to a neglect of theological inquiries. Physical science had never inclined him to skepticism. He was full of faith. That his views of life, death, duty and all questions pertaining to theology were not the current views, his neighbors very well knew. I heard him at times termed a spiritualist. So far as the conviction of intercommunication between the two lives was concerned, he was a spiritualist. But it was not on this point that he differed most widely from many of his neighbors and friends; for, as he often said, the Bible is itself full of averments of the appearance of angels and departed friends in the flesh. Jesus, we are informed, was preceded and often visited by them.

Dr. Gardner's creed, as a whole, grew out of his absolute faith in God's character. He would say, "If God is good it must be so." and "If God be good it stands to reason." The authority of a formula because of age, or its derivation from some ecclesiastical body of antiquity, had no influence with him whatever. If you should formulate his views they would stand somehow thus:

(1) First of all, I believe in my fellowmen; who, on the whole, have dealt fairly by me, and whom I see clearly to be a band of progressive beings. Going out from among them, I look with tenderness on the whole race as the family of God, of which I have been a happy member. If I had seen any signs of deep depravity in the race it is the last thing I should

wish to talk about; I certainly would not make it a part of my public profession of faith.

2) I have a warm trust in that divine *Life,* who originated the plan of human life, and gave me fifty years of experience and instruction. I do not simply say that I believe there is a God, but I believe heartily in God, as every way a right Father, who is dealing with us in such a way as to make the most of us. It is to me a cause of intense sorrow that men have so little confidence in God as innately and necessarily good; good always, good equally, good everywhere. I do not trust in his promises, or in an atoning sacrifice, or in a right theory concerning him, but in him.

(3) I believe in the earth as a lovely home world, where I have been happy in proportion to my will to obey wise law. I see in the world no signs of its having has been of God, or fallen under his wrath; but it seems to me to be lovable and honorable for its marvelous display of wisdom and beauty. I should not dare to call it a wicked or a wretched world, or anything less than the most wonderful garden gift of God to his children. Above all it cannot be an element of piety to decry this world and crave another. Indeed I do not know of anything in human life which seems more truly despicable than a contemptuous opinion of this life and world.

(4) I believe in myself. Whatever of goodness I have is my own; whatever truth I know is the result of my own serious study. Nor do I see how any other man's goodness or wisdom can become mine by having it attributed to me. What I have and am must be the result of my own hard toil. Sure I am that I am going out of the world with nothing to boast of but what I honestly own. I am thankful for holy example, and for divine teachings, but every man's righteousness is his own, and mine is mine. I do not understand that it is a matter of piety to falsify and demean myself. If self-confidence, measured by reason, is a good thing in business, it is a good thing in religion. I ought to know my ability, and my virtue, as well as I know my bank stock. All this I say without forgetting that I owe much to the example and advice of my friends, and to heredity, and to God. Nor do I see any way of getting rid of hypocrisy until we get rid of the doctrine that self-abasement is a virtue.

(5) I believe in repentance, but not as a state of mind. Any repentance, except the turning from evil, is folly and disease. Nor do I believe that God asks anything of the sort; except a desire to do right and forsake wrong doing. All atoners and sacrificers, reconcilers and saviors are superfluous. God is my Father, and I might as well die for Jesus as he for me. We are brothers, and in the spirit of loving brotherhood we would be willing to die for each other; but not to appease an angry judge.

(6) I believe every way in religion; but as I do not consider that it consists in self-abasement, so also I do not think it consists in laudation of God; but in a modest measurement of self, a just appreciation of my neighbors, and honor toward God. Religion is the bond of uprightness that binds me to everything good and true. Prayer is not religion, but the voice of religion—and as such it belongs not in public assemblages, but between the soul and God.

(7) I believe in honor as the highest element of religion and that the relation of the soul to itself, to its neighbor, and its God should be measured by honesty. There is religion in paying my debts. What I see to be right, it is my duty to stand for. What I see is false it is my duty to oppose. Cowardice is the beginning of all crime; it is the power of all falsehood; it is the true atheist.

(8) I believe in death, as a part of the program of life. It is neither to be dreaded nor to be sought, but to be looked upon as a provision of God for new progress and higher evolution. It is one of those necessities that come like sleep, and it should be a special office of religion to divest it of all superstitious associations. If there be no life beyond, it is rest; if there be, then it is progress—and in that I believe. Standing on the threshold of another life, my gathered experience of self and of nature and of God teach me to look for a second stage of existence. The arguments for immortality are almost, if not quite, demonstrative. I am certain that the universe has in it stores of study that call for immortal minds.

> "Today I saw the dragon fly,
> Come from the walls where he doth lie;
> An inner impulse rent the vail,
> Of his old husk; from head to tail
> Came out clear plates of sapphire mail.
> He dried his wings, like guaze they grew,
> Through crops and pastures wet with dew,
> A living flash of light he flew."

(9) I believe the whole universe to be a home; where I was, and am, and always shall be. No one of right spirit can ever depart from God. In him we live, and in him we shall live. I have seen him expressing himself in thousands of forms; I believe I shall see him manifoldly in another life. I do not think of God as all merciful here, but unmerciful there. There is but one God, and that one God has but one nature. His children are inestimably dear to him; he will judge them hereafter only as he judges now, by natural laws that invest wrong with terror and right with joy. I see him today; I do not expect to see him any otherwise hereafter. The universe is his expression to me. The trees and the flowers are his finger tips; the stars are his literal features; with the Persian I kiss my hand to the night sky. For this reason I believe that I go into the future, not as into an untried field, but as God has always led me on into the tomorrows. He has never sent me into a desert; I shall awake in the same loving presence, surrounded with preparations for my best interests. By no choice of my own I came into this world; it was just the place for me. By no choice of my own I go to another; I believe it will be as happily adjusted to my needs and welfare.

(10) I believe that material laws govern all matter, at all times; and that moral laws for spirit are the same everywhere. I therefore go forward with a certainty of future difficulties and future victories, future efforts and future progress. A workless condition would be worse than worthless; freedom from care never brought joy, and it never will. Happiness is the fruit that hangs on the tree of honest toil, and bliss is the fruit of conflict. What we have of good in us makes heaven; what of evil we have in us makes hells within and around us. It is a law of life; has always been so in this world, and must always remain so everywhere. Wherever I am, therefore, if in God I shall be in heaven, if not I shall be in hell.

(11) I believe in the human reason, as a light

swung out over the darkness at the masthead, by God himself; and I believe it a sin to follow any other light. Books I shall leave behind me, but my reason I shall take with me. It is the perpetual interpreter to my soul of the universe. No blasphemy could be greater than to deny the godliness of reason. This I say, not undervaluing the aid which one soul may give another, and the powerful impulse to right which a Jesus, a Paul, a Plato, a Spinoza, a Spencer gives to a whole generation, or to all succeeding generations.

I have ventured to summarize the views of Dr. Gardner, as they were unfolded to me by conversations during the later years of his life; more especially as he was nearing the threshold of another existence. It does not concern us whether they correspond to accepted or inherited views; that they were deep convictions of his soul I know, and that they vitalized his manhood and lighted his pathway, all who knew him will testify. To abstract an ordinary man from his business makes a ripple in social life; to take a trusted physician, in whom are reposed confidence, friendship, household secrets, physical and mental and moral ailments, as well as life itself, is a tenfold disturbance. There is no man who, by his profession, ought to be more honorable, more noble, more trusty, more pure, as by necessity he must be more self-sacrificing, than the family physician. The religious teacher many dispense with; the legal adviser others avoid; but there is not one who does not sooner or later come to need an honest physician. For this reason the views of Dr. Gardner, distinct, modest yet courageous, and based upon reason, common sense and experience, rather than an inheritance from medievalism, seem to me to be peculiarly worthy of attention.

It did not seem to me that Dr. Gardner lost sight at all of the spiritual and eternal, or contented himself with the ephemeral and sensual; only this, instead of looking up into the skies to address a far-off God, he looked into his own soul and his garden. He said one day, "We have learned to plant poetry with our beans, in these days; and there is religion in straight furrows and clean ditches. That is why our school curriculum is being overhauled, and our churches are facing tomorrow rather than yesterday. My St. Paul is Burbank, and my Saviour is the man who helps me hear a Homeric rhythm in the winds in my own orchard, or helps me by his atmosphere to a more ethical sentiment."

I do not care to defend or to condemn the views which I have tried to write down, but to present them as a vigorous and unique expression of a very strong mind, trained to rigid moral purposing. God save us equally from the bigotry of conformity, and from the arrogance of skepticism. When the last hour came, Dr. Gardner placed his hand in mine, and as I leaned over to get his fluttered words, he said, "Bear in mind, my brother, that this is not merely endurable, because I am too weak to resist; but it is an hour of real joy, and you understand that I fully comprehend my position. I have lived one life of my own, and I end it with a triumph. I go forward; am promoted. The greater is ahead. You will come to me." He drew my hand closer to his heart and, closing his eyes, his body with a slight tremor went to sleep.

E. P. POWELL.

Heroes of Peace

By Edwin D. Mead

Mr. Carnegie rendered no more signal service to the cause of peace when he provided for the erection of the splendid Temple of Peace at The Hague, as a fitting home for the International Tribunal, than when he provided, by his gift of five million dollars, for pensions for heroes of peace. The great service of this munificent endowment was in the new emphasis which it placed. It said that from now on the men who have shown their courage and devotion in saving life were to be applauded and rewarded as truly as the men who have destroyed life. It passed no judgment upon the battlefields of history. The generous giver, when he made his original and prophetic gift, doubtless felt, like others of us, that the battlefield has been the theater of infinite faithfulness, self-sacrifice, and service, of the highest heroism often as well as the deepest horror. But he clearly felt that the esteem and glorification of the soldier had been out of all proportion to the honor paid the heroes of other fields than the battlefield, whose service, done to no accompaniment of fife and drum or waving banners, often imposed far greater risk, demanded a far higher courage, and had a vastly nobler and more useful end. The time has come—it has been too long delayed—for a new adjustment, a distribution of honors and rewards upon a basis commensurate with our present actual civilization. The soldier who risks his life to save the state, or at the state's command, is a proper pensioner, but he is no more truly a public servant, nor the exponent or agent of patriotism, than the statesman or the teacher; and the policeman, the engineer, the fireman, and the surfman, faithful and firm at their dangerous posts, place us under equal obligation and deserve as well at our hands. Haltingly and at scattered points the community is beginning to recognize this fact. Until it recognizes it everywhere and in adequate measure, we are debtors to the generous individual pioneers who emphasize at cost the needed lesson.

The old saying of Andrew Fletcher, that he cared not who made the laws of the people if he might make the songs, is famous. A people's statues—their choice, or the choice imposed upon them, of the men to be publicly honored—are as important and influential as their songs; yet there is hardly any matter where the world is so backward, where it so seldom shows a high degree of enlightenment, where it is so often barbarous or snobbish. Contemplate the Duke of York's column (how many know what Duke of York?) and the Albert Memorial in London, yet without a monument to Shakespeare, and until yesterday without a statue of Milton or of Cromwell! Under my window in Boston was dedicated the other day a statue of General Banks. Still nearer my window is the great equestrian statue of General Hooker, quite dwarfing the modest figures of Daniel Webster and Horace Mann farther back in the Statehouse yard. Now, I have a very considerable respect for General Banks and General Hooker; but I cannot forget that there is no statue in Boston of Emerson or Lowell or Whittier or Longfellow, whom there is vastly higher reason, as there would be vastly greater benefit, for Boston to honor. There are statues of General Glover and Colonel Cass, of whose services not one reader in a thousand could give the slightest

account; but there is no memorial of John Adams or John Quincy Adams, the two great Massachusetts presidents of the United States.

The case in our national capital is yet worse. The streets and squares of Washington swarm with statues; but it is no exaggeration to say that three-quarters of them are of generals and admirals, and most of these men of whom even the high school boys of the city know but little. There is next to nothing among them to remind the visitor from Mars or from Maryland that the nation of Washington and Jefferson and Franklin—whose judgment of war and of the proper prominence of the soldier in their new Republic is remembered by some of us—ever produced a poet or historian, a scholar or teacher, a painter or sculptor, a philosopher or philanthropist, a statesman or a man of science worthy of notice, or that up to date it really honors, enough to spend any money to show it any vocation save the warrior's. It is the measure of our barbarism.

Yet what opportunities and beckonings our rich American history and our national capital offer for the sculptor and the man of wealth and the proud nation! I do not forget the noble Washington monument, nor the noble memorials besides at the capital, and in New York and Boston and elsewhere. I am thinking of the things which are there and ought not to be, and of the things which ought to be there and are not. I am thinking how the great Scott monument glorifies Edinburgh, and the Luther monument glorifies Worms, and the Goethe and Schiller monument glorifies Weimar. At Rudolstadt, on the Thuringian border, we found in the little park a simple stone vase among the flowers, upon the pedestal of which, on the four sides, were inscribed the names of the great poets, Goethe, Schiller, and others, whose brief stays in the town had been memorable. The dates of their residence were given. Rudolstadt felt herself blessed by their sometime presence; and her beautiful recognition of it was a perennial refinement and refreshment for her people. I have suggested more than once two monumental groups which I should like to see erected in Boston,—the illustrious group of Boston men who, in the years before 1775, did so much to shape the American mind for independence, and the equally memorable group who, in the next century, did so much to rouse the nation against slavery. I should like to see, as well, in our Puritan City a monument to Puritanism. It should be a copy of that sturdy and beautiful old Norman chapel at Huntingdon, in which the boy Oliver Cromwell went to school, and within it statues and medallions in memory of all the great leaders of the Puritan movement, in commonwealth and church, in Old England and in New.

We are, of course, going to better the present order of things. The new teaching of history will help rapidly in this—in which in the last thirty years the old military monotony has yielded so signally to the varied and illuminating synthesis of the nation's political, religious, literary, scientific, and industrial life. Each of these realms, the young people and their elders come to see, has had its heroes, as heroic as any upon the Plains of Abraham or Bunker Hill or Lookout Mountain; and the heroes will not wait long for celebration. At the Old South Meetinghouse in Boston, a few years ago, one of our lecture courses for young people was devoted to "Heroes of Peace," and these were the heroes and heroisms honored, each by a lecture: "John Eliot, the Apostle to the Indians"; "Horace Mann and his Work for Better Schools"; "Mary Lyon and her College for Girls"; "Elihu Burritt, the Learned Blacksmith"; "Peter Cooper, the Generous Giver"; "Dorothea Dix and her Errands of Mercy"; "General Armstrong and the Hampton Institute"; "Colonel Waring, and How he made New York Clean." The best thing about it was that the boys and girls, who do have a hunger and rightful claim for the chivalric and the stirring, but who are greatly wronged in the ascription to them of an absorbing love for blood and thunder, were, on the whole, more deeply interested in these heroes than in those of the War for Independence or the War for the Union, who never lack full justice from our hands at the Old South.

But I am not here concerned chiefly with famous men, even famous heroes of peace. "Let us praise famous men," says the writer of Ecclesiasticus, and he names many classes of them; but he hastens to remind us that there are humbler men who, in their places, are merciful and righteous and wise, but who so often "perish as though they had never been, and are become as though they had never been born." They "have no memorial," but they leave "a good inheritance," and "their glory shall not be blotted out." I think that in the future the mercy and righteousness and wisdom of humble men will have far more memorials than in the past; that moral character and social service, rather than power and show, will be what men and states will elect to honor. This is what democracy commands and what democracy means.

I have found in London this last summer some beautiful and eloquent public memorials of humbler heroes of peace, consummate illustrations of fortitude and self-sacrifice. They are memorials of a kind hardly ever seen before in human history; and they are a cheering earnest of the new emphasis which we shall see in ever greater fulness in the awards of honors, as the humane and discriminating spirit which begins to inform the world does its more and more perfect work.

I was returning to London from Surrey wanderings, in the course of which by interesting coincidence we had visited the country home and the grave of Watts, the painter, on the hillside close by the pretty little village of Compton, when on the train my eye caught a column in the day's London newspaper headed "Workaday Heroes." This was the opening paragraph of the impressive article:

> If ever you need to remember that the age of chivalry is not yet dead, you should take a 'bus to the General Post Office. The building is, indeed, rather sedate than heroic, and the atmosphere unencouraging to roving fancy; but if you take your life in your hand and cross the road to St. Botolph's, you find birds chattering about grass and tree, a scrap of country in the swiftest whirl of the town, to make a vestibule for a simple shrine of noble needs. One of the most English of modern poets has sung the honor "of lives obscurely great." He who would understand the spirit of England must go, not only to the temple of famous men at Westminster, but to the little red-roofed cloister in the Postmen's Park. In its midst, beneath the inscription "The Utmost for the Highest," stands a statuette of a bearded man with lofty brow, grave, long-robed; and below is written: "In Memoriam, George Frederick Watts, who, desiring to honor heroic self-sacrifice, placed these records here." There is space upon the walls for nearly a hundred and fifty tablets. Until last week only twenty-four places had been filled. The care of Mrs. Watts has now added another row of twenty-two, and the names to fill two more tablets have been chosen.

The first jubilee of Queen Victoria was the occasion of Mr. Watts's suggesting a national memorial to the men and women who have lost their lives in saving life. He caused long researches to be made into the vast masses of newspapers in the British Museum, that such deeds might not linger in obscurity. A national memorial still remains nothing more than the noble idea of a great artist, but a modest part of his conception Mr. Watts himself made actual. He built in that "Postmen's Park" by St. Botolph's, which covers the site of the burial grounds of St. Botolph's itself, Christ Church, and St. Leonard's, the simple cloister, with its dark bench and beams, floor of brick, and roof of tile, where the deeds of Londoners are enshrined. The first twenty-four tablets, many of which were in position before the painter's death, are of glazed white, bearing their simple inscription in dark blue letters. It would be hard to find material more pleasing in its effect or better adapted to withstand the ravages of the London atmosphere. The first act recorded is of the year 1863, the last of 1901. . . . All day long the birds flit to and fro in the cloister, and the plane trees rustle overhead, and away beyond the turf and the flame of the geraniums you may catch a soft gleam from the water of the old silent fountain. All day long the city workers come to sit in the shade, and rest, and read, and dream. What better shrine could there be for the heroes of the workaday world?

Truly an inspiring and compelling picture, this; and to old St. Botolph's, Aldersgate, I went on the next day. It is close by St. Paul's Cathedral, five minutes' walk northward; and the little cloister or loggia is at the farther end of the pretty green, with trees and flowers, beside the church. "Postmen's Park" the little ground is popularly called, because it is just beside the great Postoffice buildings, and I suppose the postmen, more perhaps than any other class of workers, —though plainly all classes like it,—are in the habit of resting there a bit at noonday after the luncheon hour. Visitors come and go; and many buy from the gardener the little book "In Commemoration of Heroic Self-Sacrifice," which he sells for a penny.

New tablets are added on the wall from time to time, several being placed, as above stated, last August. One tablet honors the heroism of a player in a pantomime at the Princess Theater. The clothes of one of the actresses caught fire, and this other, Sarah Smith, ran to her to put out the flames, and succeeded, but was herself so terribly burned that in a day, after much suffering, she died. There are the names of Walter Peart and Henry Dean, driver and fireman of a Windsor express on which the connecting rod of the engine broke and tore the boiler asunder. In a deluge of flame and steam they stuck to their posts and stopped the train, saved their passengers, and met a terrible death. There is the tablet to Mary Rogers, the stewardess of the Channel Islands steamer *Stella*, which went down in 1899. When the last boat was pushing off, the sailors bade her jump in, but she answered, "No, no; if I get in the boat it will sink. Good-by! good-by!" She lifted her hands then, and cried, "Lord, have me!" And the *Stella* sank beneath her feet. There is the tablet to Alice Ayres, the maid-servant in Southwark, who saved all her master's children from a fire at the cost of her own life:

"And who was Alice Ayres? you ask.
A household drudge who slaved all day,
Whose joyless years were one long task
On stinted food and scanty pay.
But neither hunger, toil, nor care
Could e'er a selfish thought instill,
Or quench a spirit born to dare,
Or freeze that English heart and will."

There are the names of two doctors who sacrificed their lives for their patients. There is the name of Solomon Galaman, the little East End boy of eleven, who saved his tiny brother from being run over in the crowded market street and fell himself beneath the wheels. "Mother," he said, as he lay dying, "mother, I saved him, but I could not save myself." The story of many another equally heroic. The mere catalogue so deeply stirs the heart that I wish there were space here for every name and deed. The inscriptions on the tablets are the briefest; but in the little book Mrs. Watts has had the fuller stories printed, a page being devoted to each of those commemorated by the first twenty-four tablets. It is a veritable book of the ever-growing Bible, another Book of Acts—the acts of a fortunately monumented few whose names have been snatched almost by chance from among those of the unmonumented thousands who, through the generations, in their humble places, cheered by no trumpet and no hope of pension, have had the fibrous faith that made them faithful unto death, saving others because they would not save themselves. A benediction on George Frederick Watts and the St. Botolph's cloister—as it sheds benediction on London and on us!

About as far south of St. Paul's Cathedral as St. Botolph's, Aldersgate, is north, one comes to the Southwark Bridge over the Thames. Five minutes' walk beyond the southern end of the bridge is Southwark Street. From Southwark Street leads back little Red Cross Street, and in Red Cross Street are Red Cross Garden and Hall. It is a historic neighborhood, if indeed a dull and dingy one. Shakespeare's Globe Theater once stood close by; and old St. Savior's Church, now the cathedral of the new diocese of Southwark, in which a beautiful window commemorates the fact that there John Harvard was baptized, is but five minutes' walk away. Dull and dingy the whole neighborhood certainly is—and Red Cross Street in particular; and it is a relief to turn from the street into the pretty green garden, with the picturesque little cottages and a hall at the rear. This bright oasis in a desert was created twenty years ago by a group of devoted London people, and is held by a body of trustees, of whom Miss Octavia Hill is one. It is a means of grace to the whole region. The hall is used every Sunday in winter, and forms a beautiful free drawing room for all who like to come; and it meets a hundred needs week after week. On alternate Sundays for many years one talented woman, Mrs. Marshall, has given concerts here of a fine character, every Christmas arranging a performance of the "Messiah," when all meet as at a religious service; and on Thursdays during the winter groups of friends give dramatic entertainments —the memorable opening entertainment, twenty years ago, having been by George MacDonald and his family, who acted "The Pilgrim's Progress."

But what chiefly drew me to Red Cross Hall, not this summer for the first time, were the panels painted by Walter Crane for its decoration, illustrative of the heroic deeds of the poor. There will be six of these panels altogether, and three of them have already been executed. One of the three is in memory of the same Alice Ayres, mentioned above, commemorated by one of the tablets in the St. Botolph's cloister. This memorial panel in Red Cross Hall gains added impressiveness from the fact that the heroic deed which it pictures was done in the immediate neighborhood. The young servant girl was sleeping in a room with the three children in the front of her master's' house over the shop, when roused after midnight by cries of fire

from a passer-by. The smoke was rising from the shop below. She ran with the baby in her arms, leading the other children, to wake her master and mistress, and then hastened back with the children and threw open the window. By this time the shop was a mass of flames, and their retreat backward was cut off. The crowd called to Alice to jump or it would be too late, but through the fire and smoke she dragged one child and then another to rescue before she would think of herself, and then from a background of flame fell upon the railing below, with injuries from which, two days afterward, she died.

This was in 1885. In 1887 a child barely five years old fell down a well 258 feet deep, near Basingstoke. By some miracle, just before reaching the bottom, where the water is twelve feet deep, he caught a rope and held on to it. His cries were heard, and one George Eales at once volunteered to go down the rope to rescue him. He reached the child, and, holding the rope with one hand, somehow managed to tie another rope around the child, and both were drawn up to the top. It is an almost incredible story of daring and endurance; and this deed is the subject of Walter Crane's second picture. The third commemorates the heroism of two navvies who, working with others upon the railway between Glasgow and Paisley, in 1876, stood back upon the approach of an express train, which upon passing would cross a lofty viaduct. Suddenly one saw that a sleeper had started, and that unless it was replaced the train would be wrecked upon the viaduct. "There was no time for words. Jamison made a sign to his nephew, and the two rushed forward; they fixed the sleeper, saved the train—and were left dead upon the line." One who was present at their funeral, which was largely attended, especially by fellow workmen, wrote: "We laid them in the same grave in an old churchyard on a hillside that slopes down to the very edge of the railway. As the two biers were carried down the hill, the bearers being the friends and comrades of the dead, the trains were coming and going; and I thought of Tennyson's lines:

> Let the feet of those he wrought for,
> Let the tread of those he fought for,
> Echo round his bones for evermore.

Surely it is sacramental for the workaday folk of Southwark to gather in the presence of such memorials of workaday heroes as these, to sing the "Messiah," or hear about "The Pilgrim's Progress," or talk together about co-operation. A benediction, too, on Walter Crane, and Octavia Hill, and Red Cross Hall! The thought of it transfigures that whole gloomy bailiwick in the Borough. I wish there were a similar Red Cross Hall in Boston, and in New York, and in Chicago.

Why do memorials such as these never find place in our Christian churches? I have visited more churches than most men in my time,—my friends are in the habit of saying that it is impossible for me to pass an English church, especially, without going in,—but I never saw a memorial like these in one, English or American, in all my life. The walls of English churches and cathedrals are rapidly becoming filled with ostentatious marbles and brasses—people are rich now, and our generation is lavish with monuments to contemporaries to a degree quite beyond our fathers—in memory of men who went out to South Africa the other day to kill brother men called Boers. I do not here discuss Boer War politics. I do not question that these were good men and true, faithful to their duty as they saw it, as honest fellows as their brothers yonder who faithfully killed them, and that they died bravely—Wellington said he never saw a man who was not brave. I only wonder whether their business was so much more Christlike than that of the navvy Jamison or Alice Ayres, so much better suited for celebration by Christian churches, that there is preeminent reason to celebrate it so pompously in that particular place, and the other not at all.

If Christ came to Margate, on the Kent shore at the mouth of the Thames, he would find what I call a truly Christian monument. It is what they call at Margate the Surf Memorial. It is the bronze statue of a man belonging to the life-saving service, peering anxiously out from the shore which he patrols into the dark mists above the angry sea, in whose breakers his fellowmen are in danger. Half a dozen of the Kentish surfmen lost their lives to save other lives in such a terrible ordeal a few years ago; and their names are inscribed upon the pedestal of this statue, which is their memorial. I do not remember their names, but they do not care for that—and it does not matter. All along the New England shore and the New Jersey shore their brothers are pacing up and down tonight, under other names, keeping faithful watch through the darkness and the storm for the safety of your brother and mine. How often do we think of them in our quiet beds? One cry upon the midnight air, one rocket shooting yonder to the sky, and spite of every pulling thought of the woman or the children in the home over the hill, the boat is launched against a fiercer foe than that which the "six hundred" faced at Balaklava, too often with a proportion of fatality as great. Too often, also their names then remain written in sand or water. It would be well for us if, along with the names of infantrymen and cavalrymen and artillerymen, we could write them oftener in bronze and stone.

WILD WHITE POPPIES

Dear, dainty blossoms
Bursting on my sight
Along the road side
Like a gleam of light,
Skyward in beauty
Lifting petals white.

How could you guess it,
Pale, sweet, poppy band,
That homesick, troubled,

In a stranger land,
I needed you, dears?
Did you understand?

Why else your greeting
Silently bestowed
Upon me, lonely,
Passing o'er the road?
Your fragile flower-cups
Lifting up my load?

For that I loved you,
Blessed your subtle skill,
Your pure completeness
Set my soul a-thrill;
Each veined petal
Charms, delights me still.

Douglas, Okla. GAZELLE STEVENS SHARP.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

THE PACIFIC COAST.—The Unitarians beyond the Mountains have been celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Pacific Coast Conferences, in which they discussed the problems of starting "Pioneer Unitarian Churches, the Worship, Business and Ministerial Side of the Church;" "Civic Development of Religion—the Pulpit, the Pew, and Politician;" "The Liberal Gospel for America;" "The World Movement of Liberalism;" "The Religion of an Educated Man;" "The Problem of the Young;" "God and Mammon Hurting Business!" The personnel of the program is as vigorous as the topics, as the names of Hosmer, Starr Jordan, Simonds, Lathrop, Hodgin, Eliot, Wilbur, Stone and others less known to the east of the Rockies, indicate. The meeting began Wednesday morning, and continued over into Sunday. This is a program worth while, and Unitarian conclaves to the east may well take example of it. A program wholly or chiefly concerning itself with the pulleys and the ropes of the machine, will not set the machinery a-going; or if it does go, it is not worth moving unless it draws the load. Perpetual motion, if achieved, would be a worthless thing, for the most that the wildest dreamer has hoped for was something that would simply perpetuate its own movement. The churches, in their cooperative capacities as well as in the individual life, must contribute to the social well-being of the community, the progress of the state, and the life of the race, if they are to hold the confidence and enlist the support of progressive men.

CHICAGO.—A most note-worthy occasion occurred at the Abraham Lincoln Centre last week when representatives of a dozen or more churches, and as many schools, clubs and civic organizations, joined in doing honor to Clara Barton, the little woman who has made for herself, unwittingly perhaps, a more prominent place in our history and in the gratitude of future generations than any other man or woman now living in the United States. She was not only one of the most successful nurses who carried woman's tenderness and demonstrated woman's courage in the battle fields of the war for the Union in '61-'65, but she brought the United States into the International compact that neutralized, at least, the non-competent and protected the wounded and those whose business it was to minister to their needs from the violence of battle. She helped to widen the field of this International organization to cover the great calamities of peace as well as war. Miss Barton carries the weight of her eighty-nine years blithely, and with grace and modesty received the congratulations and affections of the vast throng that filled Abraham Lincoln Centre. The hall was decorated with flags of all nations. Miss Barton, who sat in a chair of state, was surrounded by the representatives of church, school and civic organizations. The editor of UNITY presided. Rev. W. E. Barton of Oak Park, a kinsman, made the first address, of a personal and narrative character, and representatives of the University of Chicago, the City of Chicago, of the trained nurses of Chicago, of the South, of Japan, and several of neighboring churches spoke. The affair was impressive, tender, loving, such as befitted a great citizen.

FOREIGN NOTES

WOMAN SUFFRAGE PROGRESS IN SWITZERLAND.—After ten years of discussion and effort on the part of both men and women, women have at last been accorded the right to vote, on the same basis as men, in the affairs of the National Protestant Church of Geneva. It seems passing strange to an American that such an expenditure of breath, effort and printer's ink should have been necessary to bring about even the very moderate amount of recognition that is now for the first time accorded to those who, in Switzerland, as elsewhere, form decidedly the numerically larger part of the church attendants and supporters. The well-worn arguments advanced on either side make one smile, particularly when it is remembered that all that was in question is the right to vote, the right of eligibility being distinctly and carefully withheld.

This limited suffrage had already been accorded to women by the National Church of Canton Vaud, the Free Church of Geneva, the Independent Church of the Canton of Neuchatel, the Free churches of France, the Reformed churches of France and churches of other countries, and the Independent German church of Lausanne.

The election of members of the Constitutional Assembly for the reorganization of the National Church on the basis of the "Separation" brought 3,200 voters to the polls; the constitution itself was adopted in 1908 by the votes of 4,531 electors.

In that same year 3,335 women, by petition demanded the church suffrage as a right, on grounds of policy, equity and justice, and their demand was supported by a goodly number of sane, far-seeing men. The majority deemed it unwise, however, to complicate the "Separation" problem by injecting into it the suffrage question, and it was deliberately put over until now. On April 23 and 24 the necessary amendments to the church constitution were submitted to popular vote and were adopted by a vote of 2,152 to 1,349.

The *Signale*, which has always devoted much of its space to advocacy of this reform, overflows with rejoicings, and Mr. Louis Ferriere, in its columns, comments on this advance step in his inimitable way. A principle, he says, has been laid down. It is not a declaration that woman possesses the same aptitudes as man or is called to the same social duties. Its affirmation is something much more profound and comprehensive. It shows us, by an object lesson, the passage of a *thought force* from the world of mind to the world of law, the adaptation of a spiritual principle to the organization of society.

This principle, Mr. Ferriere calls *suprasexualism*, for want of a better term, and he speaks of it in part as follows:

To Christian experience, or the spiritual life, the difference of sex is not the fundamental thing in human consciousness. Saint Paul affirmed of woman that she too is called to eternal life, or, in more modern phrase, that she is *primarily a human being*. He thereby distinctly implied that there is above her something which constitutes the human being and which *has no sex*.

Hitherto this principle has remained purely spiritual, floating in the realm of the ideal; today it seeks to come down to earth, into the realities of social existence, and claims incarnation in the law. Will this prove a vain effort, and did Christ dream when he said: "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven?" Does not experience show, on the contrary, that all that is of the soul tends to become social and hence to assume a legal form and that progress for [illegible]er consists in the conquest made by a higher psychology in a society which was first formed by a lower one?

It is logical that the Christian principle of *supersexualism* first acquires the force of law in the religious society, in other words in the church, but there seems no psychological necessity that should hinder its incarnating itself also in civil society whenever the desire for social justice becomes sufficiently developed.—M. E. H.

MEADVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA.—An Institute for Religious Education is to be held under the auspices of the Meadville Conference, the Sunday-school Society and the Theological Institute. Lectures for teachers, parents and church workers will be given; full prospectus to appear later. For further particulars, address Rev. H. D. Secrist, Meadville, Pa.

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